



"Prompt to improve and to invite,
"We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. V. [I. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, MAY 23, 1829.

No. 26.

POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

The Old Soldier's Story.

Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre—green sods
Are all their monument, and yet it tells
A nobler history, than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids.—PERCIVAL.

In one of those busy and pleasant villages, that are to be met with in the interior parts of Massachusetts, stands the antiquated dwelling of the venerable Capt. Hansten. The village is situated in a beautiful romantic valley, watered by one of the many tributaries of the Merrimack. The rivulet that passes through the village is still known by the Indian name of Nookagee, and it separates Capt. Hansten's from the more busy and populous part. In the rear of the "family mansion," as Capt. Hansten's dwelling is frequently termed by the villagers, a large hill of New England granite rears its rocky head. Many traditions of this hill are still related by the idle, gossiping part of the villagers, who delight in the marvellous; but they are little heeded by the industrious part of the community, who make use of large quantities of the stone, to add durability to the village. A few rods in front of Capt. Hansten's mansion runs the village stream with that impetuosity of motion common to the small streams flowing through a hilly country. Several dams thrown across its rocky bed in the course of its meanders, for the purpose of affording water power to the various mechanical workshops of the villagers, give an air of business, that is seldom found wanting in a New England village, if it does not add to the romance of the scene. Capt. Hansten is regarded as the "weather wise" of the village, and no one pretends to contradict his prognostications. The villagers regard his observations as the sayings of an aged man; indeed they can scarcely doubt the words of a man who has numbered ten years more than the allotted age

of "three score and ten," allowed to man. No one would think of starting on a journey if on consulting Capt. Hansten, he should say that "the smoke from the old pot," (a place on the side of the hill technically so termed by the villagers) "went up stream this morning." In the busy season of haying he is often interrogated with the question of "what's the weather to be?" and no one would commence cutting a favourite piece of grass, should he declare that "foul weather is at hand." The dwelling of Capt. Hansten, like its occupants, retains the antique appearance of a fabric erected fifty years since, and nothing can induce its owner to leave it, or to have any alterations made in its structure. "Think you" he would reply to his friends, who often urged him to remove into a more modern, and as they believed comfortable house "that an old man could sleep more soundly, than where he has slept for forty years, I tell you an old man is notional, he loves the scenes of his youth." Not till within a year did he give his consent that the old wooden latch and string should be removed from the principal entrance of the house, and a more convenient substitute placed in its stead. No bell rang for admittance, not even the polished brass knocker, with which almost every other house in the village was furnished, was allowed a place on the front door. The principal room of the house was the kitchen, and that answered to Capt. Hansten the double purpose of a dining, and sitting room. This room was ornamented with nothing, save a few of the remains of antiquity; in one corner stood the old clock, where it had ticked for nearly a half century undisturbed; in another corner were the shelves containing the glittering pewter; suspended from the ceiling near the huge fire-place, was the old gun, which had faithfully served its owner in the "times that tried men's souls." The old gun as well as its master was still in the possession of its youthful faculties, and the mischievous birds and squirrels who ventured to invade the old soldier's fields often paid for their daring with

their lives by the means of the two old companions.

Capt. Hansten is one of the few surviving patriots of the revolution. When the news of the battle at Lexington spread through the country, he shouldered his musket and repaided to the scene of action; he left the comfortable fireside to combat in the deadly fight the hirelings of Great Britain. The trying scenes of Long Island deterred him not; the patriotic fire that glowed in his breast at the beginning of the contest was not quenched till he saw his country free. Although the best part of his days was spent in the service of his country, he asked for no remuneration. Possessing enough to last him through the remainder of his days, he applied not for the pension granted by our government to the surviving patriots of the revolution. "I fought not," he would say, "for wealth, or honor, but I fought for the liberty of my country, we obtained that liberty and I ask for nothing else."

Nothing was now more pleasing to him, than to witness the motions of the village infantry company, whenever they were under drill. Seated beneath the shade of a tree, he would watch their evolutions with the eye of a skillful general, watching the manœuvres of his troops. "You little know a soldier's life," he would exclaim to them, "had you been with us when we retreated through New-Jersey, in '76 with the British army at our heels and not half enough to eat, you'd have thought it was hard times; or had you been at Valley Forge the winter after Burgoyne surrendered you'd have remembered your old homes and comfortable firesides. You can march and wheel well enough, when there is no danger near, but if the bullets whistled by your ears, as they did by mine at Brandywine, you'd not form such lines."

Many a long winter evening was spent by the young villagers in listening to Capt. Hansten's stories. Small parties of them would often gather around his hospitable hearth, and regardless of the whistling of the wind, as it blew in fitful gusts from the north west and whirled the driving snow in every direction, they would listen for hours to his tales. On such an evening as this, some half dozen of the third generation, who had assembled at his house, were drawn around the huge blazing fire in the form of a half circle, partaking of the good farmer's cheer, and hearing his stories. Among several others, related during the evening by the old soldier, was the following short, but tragic tale, which I have penned in nearly his own words. It however loses much of its interest, as it is impossible to give the exact pronunciation which the old soldier applied.

"We had, in the company to which I belonged when we were in the south, a man from Vermont by the name of John Martin. Jack Martin, as he was commonly called by the soldiers, was one of the Green Mountain boys,

although he was not a native of Vermont, but emigrated from Massachusetts with his father, when a small boy. Jack was one of the most persevering, and daring characters that enlisted in the cause of freedom. Standing about six feet and a half in height, and well proportioned few if any in the army were a match for him. Not a man in our regiment could cope with him, in the athletic exercises of running or jumping, and scarce any two were his match, in personal strength. In the pastime of wrestling, peculiar to the "Yankees," as we northerners were termed, he always carried the palm. Combining such strength with activity, he was peculiarly adroit in what he termed the "Vermont hug."

During the winter that we encamped at Valley Forge, we had much skirmishing with the enemy. The royal troops had retired to winter quarters, at Philadelphia, and their foraging parties often fell in with ours. Scarce a day passed without some skirmish taking place. In these petty conflicts Jack Martin was often engaged, and several royal officers were taken prisoners, in the course of the winter, by his prowess alone. He would throw aside his musket, parry their sword cuts with his arm, close with them, and bear them off in his arms, as a common man would a child. A detachment of American troops to which we belonged, were one day engaged with a British foraging party, when Jack Martin encountered its commander, in single combat. The British had begun to give way, and their commander was endeavouring to form them for a charge, as Jack sprung upon him like a tiger to make him a prisoner. He had however now nearly found his match, for the royal officer was almost his equal in size and handled his sword with such dexterity that he gave Jack several slight cuts on his arms, before he was able to close with him. But as soon as he succeeded in closing with his antagonist, he brought him to the ground, and wrested his sword from him, and the British officer acknowledged himself a prisoner. By this time, we had routed the British, and fearing that a larger force might be in the neighborhood, we secured our only prisoner, and commenced our return to the camp.

"You're the first plaguy red coat that I ever see, that could stand any thing of a tug with the Vermont boy;" exclaimed Jack, addressing the prisoner for the first time he had been spoken to.

"Are you a native of that state," enquired the prisoner, keenly eyeing the countenance of his powerful foe:

"If I ar'n't I've lived there long enough to flog the red coats;" replied the Vermont boy, as he termed himself, at the same time returning the scrutinizing glance the other still kept upon him. "If I'se born in the bay-state ye wasn't hardly my match on a hug, but ye'd cut my head off, if I'd stood at arms length."

"Did you not say you were born in the bay-state?" said the stranger, endeavouring to approach nearer to Jack; but he was restrained by the men who marched at his side.

"Ask no more questions Mr. Prisoner, if you are fond of life," said the commander of the detachment in a tone of voice, that told he must be obeyed.

"I would request of you as a favour to permit me to ask a few questions, of the man whose superior strength, made me your captive," replied the royal officer to our commander.—"I am a native of the state of Massachusetts, although I now wear the royal uniform."

"Then you are a cursed tory," replied the stentorian voice of the Vermonter.

The detachment instantly came to a halt, and all eyes were turned upon the prisoner. Our commander drew his sword and half raised his arm for a blow; but considering that his adversary was defenceless he let it fall harmless, and returned the weapon to its scabbard.

"If you are a native of the state of Massachusetts explain why you are in arms against your country, or by the Powers of Heaven, you shall meet with the fate you deserve," said our commander in a voice that rang through the prisoners ears, and caused him involuntarily to start.

"I will, but first suffer me to ask a few questions of this Vermonter," replied he in a tone of submission, but nothing daunted by our commanders angry threats.

"Had you not a brother," continued the prisoner, addressing Jack Martin, "by the name of Edward, that left home at an early age."

Jack drew near his interrogator at this question, and eyeing him with a most penetrating look, replied, "I had a brother, but he's bin gone this many a year, and if he's in the states I fear he's 'mong the plaguy red coats."

"He is not among the red coats, as you call them, but was an hour ago, and is now your prisoner," was the reply of the British officer.

"Do you say that you're my brother," anxiously enquired Jack; at the same time, the men loosened their hold on the prisoners arms.

"I say that my name is Edward Martin, and that I left my country at an early age, and never returned, till I returned in arms against it."

"Then ye're my brother, and fighting against ye're own country, and ye're a tory, and my brother too!" exclaimed Jack, "it can't be, ye'd never fight with them red coats if ye're brother to Jack Martin!"

"If your name is John Martin, I am your brother," replied the prisoner, and the two forgetting the different causes for which they fought, sprang into each other's arms; tears trickled down their war-worn cheeks, as the soldiers gazed upon the novel scene.

The two brothers continued but for a moment in silence; as soon as the first burst of joy was over, Jack threw his brother from him

as though they had been engaged in deadly conflict.

"Off with that plaguy red coat" cried he in a loud voice—"off with it, or they'll call me a tory for owning ye for a brother!"

But the prisoner, heeding not his words, turned to our commander and said to him, "now sir I will inform you why I wear the British uniform. When I was but a youth I left my native state to reside in England with a distant relation. On the dispute breaking out between England and her colonies I was persuaded by my friends, who were greatly misinformed respecting the quarrel, to accept a commission in the royal army, and embark for America. On my arrival at Boston I made inquiries respecting my father's family, and learned that they had emigrated to a town on the Green Mountains in Vermont; but could obtain no further information respecting them. Still flattered by my brother officers, I left Boston with the British troops, sanguine in the hope of soon subduing the rebels, as we contemptuous called the provincials; and to this day have continued fighting for the royal cause."

Jack Martin after several days' reasoning succeeded in convincing his brother that the Americans were not rebels, but men fighting for their rights; and he entered the service of his country. From this time the two brothers fought side by side in the same cause. At the battle of Monmouth, which took place the next summer, our regiment was in the severest part of the action. We were engaged with a detachment of British infantry, and they had begun to fall back before our destructive fire, when they rallied and charged upon us. But the charge was firmly met by our troops, who stood their ground; numbers had fallen on each side, and death was fast dealt out by the sword and bayonet; our ranks were broken by the steady discipline of the royal troops, and we should have been routed had not a reinforcement come to our assistance. The royal troops were now unable to stand to the charge, and sullenly retired like men who had made their last effort for victory.

At the critical moment when the British the second time shrank from the combat, I heard the well known voice of John Martin, who was a few paces to my right. "Dant spare the plaguy red coats—but ye're paid for the job that pistol did,"—and turning my eyes in that direction, I saw him falling like the knarled oak, torn up by the hurricane. In his hands he held the barrel with part of the stock of his musket; before him lay a royal officer grasping a sword with one hand, and the other still clenching the discharged pistol that had done the deed. Close by, Edward was dealing destruction to his foes; he had wrenched a sword from a fallen officer, and the British fell before his deadly blows like leaves before an autumn wind; but such was the hurry of the fight I saw no

more. The day was now nearly closed, and we were soon drawn off from the conflict.

A cool and pleasant evening succeeded to the bloody day, which had been excessively hot. We were ordered to remain on the field, and lie upon our arms ready to begin the attack in the morning. As soon as we had made some preparations for our wounded, I with several others obtained leave to go and seek for the two brothers, who were both missing. We soon discovered John Martin, about a rod from where he fell in a sitting posture by the side of the dead body of his brother, life was nearly extinct, but he was able to speak, and lived long enough to tell us the sad tale of his brother's fate. He saw his brother fall on the spot where he now lay, and succeeded in crawling to him; but the last spark of life was out ere he reached him. In a few moments after we discovered him, John Martin sank into the arms of death, and the two brothers now rest in the silent dust on the spot where was fought the severest part of the battle of Monmouth."

MAC IRVIN,

The Boy of the Golden Locks.

And there was, too, in that same bark,
A father and his son.—*H. K. White.*

Mr. Albert was an Englishman who had married a delicate woman possessed of amiable manners. It was an union of love; but Mrs. Albert had the misfortune to find her husband's pecuniary circumstances in a declining state. A knowledge of these difficulties constantly preyed upon her sensitive mind, and the hour that made Mr. Albert the father of a noble blue eyed boy, beheld him also a disconsolate widower. It would be superfluous to attempt a description of his grief at the loss of his amiable wife, or the deep void which his lone heart experienced in the domestic circle. He therefore believed that a change of scene would not only alleviate his sorrows, but conduce to his interest. Mr. Albert determined to leave his little living treasure in the care of a kind maiden aunt, sail for the shore of America, and try to gain, by his talents and industry, a settled home for himself and his boy.

Only three years passed over his head before he realized his wishes; and with an anxious heart, he sought again the British shore, to receive his child, and carry him to the land of liberty. Mr. Albert could not refrain a father's and a widowed husband's tears, when he "smoothed back the tangles" of the fair boy's bright locks, and saw, in his laughing eyes, a semblance of his sainted mother.

When Mr. Albert got on board the vessel, which was bound for the western continent; oh, how he watched each look, smile, and tear of the child with the golden locks! Never did the first Adam nurture a plant of paradise with more fondness than his father cherished his only son.

The British channel is always a dangerous one to vessels, especially in the winter season—

and it was at that time of the year Mr. Albert and his fair-haired boy left Albion's isle. But the ship bravely rode the waves, and "walked the waters like a thing of life." The captain had the pleasure of safely passing Cape Clear, (the most southern point of Ireland,) and was soon enabled to get all that a seaman possessed or a good vessel requires—plenty of sea-room.

Mr. Albert did not leave the side of his little child during the period of sea-sickness; but, with all the intense anxiety so beautifully displayed in a mother's love, the father watched the feverish form, and ministered to every little fancy. The boy was naturally strong, and he soon shook off this universal troubler of all persons unused to the sea. And then did he display all those beautiful wild flights, and innocent joys, which a father's sight enjoys, and with which every kind disposition is gratified. The little merry fellow became a favourite with the captain, officers, and even the very crew.

It was upon a bright day, when the ship was sailing in a southerly direction, the child stoie from the cabin. His father was occupied at the time in listening to an account of the perils encountered by the captain upon a former voyage. The boy climbed up the side of the ship, and stooped over her bulwarks for the purpose of looking down upon the broad waves. A frightful situation.

"Your bright-haired boy has gone up the cabin stairs," said the captain to the father.

Mr. Albert immediately ascended to the deck; and all the blood in his cheek shrunk to his heart when he saw the situation of his son. But the boy gave him no time to think; for, partly turning round his neck, and taking his small hands from their resting place, he attempted to wave his father towards him.

At that moment a sea struck the opposite side of the vessel—the boy lost his balance—he fell into the black water, and a huge billow displayed him upon its swelling back!

The wretched father uttered a dreadful shriek, and sprang over the bulwark into the sea.

The man at the helm was the only person at that time upon deck. He instantly left the wheel, ran down the cabin stairs, and, with a trembling lip, told the master of the accident.

"Out with the boat in an instant!" roared the captain, and, at the same time, running wildly about the deck, "call the fresh watch! and about ship immediately! Mate, up the shrouds directly; keep a sharp eye upon the poor gentleman and his boy, and let your arm be directed to where the waves carry them."

The captain was the first to spring into the boat, and his crew eagerly followed him. For never did a true American sailor want for a second order when his aid was required. Bravery and kindness of heart are often synonymous.

"Pull, my lads; for God's sake pull!" said the captain, as he kept turning round, at one

time to see the mate on the mast pointing out the direction the bodies had taken, and then, to steer the boat aright.

The men did not utter a word; but pulled at the oars with all their power.

"'Tis a drifting sea," said the captain. Not one of the men answered him; but each continued to labour away.

"I have my fears!—keep a good look out at the head of the boat, Atkins!"

Here the captain turned around to look again at the directing arm upon the ship's mast; and turned deadly cold when he saw the mate raise, as if in alarm, his hands on high!—

"God of Heaven!" cried the captain; then they have indeed sunk!"

"I saw it," exclaimed the second officer, who was stationed in the bows of the boat. "I saw it shake its jaws!—And look, Sam, is that the yellow gulf weed between his teeth? Surely it can't be the poor child's hair!"

The dreadful catastrophe was soon partly told. A billow, lightly tinged with blood, rose around the boat, and displayed within its centre a huge shark!

No traces of the poor father were perceptible. The captain grew sick at heart.

"Take the helm, Atkins," he said, keeping his eyes fixed upon the bottom of the boat. The second mate's cheek had a cold tear upon it, as he, in silence, obeyed his commander's orders. And a fine expression of still sorrow was perceptible upon the face of every man composing the boat's crew.

Slowly and faintly did the captain again ascend the side of his ship.

"Let me not be called during the night," he said, addressing his first officer; and do not show me the log-book for some days to come."

He then entered his state-room, fastened the door, and fell upon his bed sobbing violently.

The night watch was set. But not a man disturbed the stillness of the deck with a heavy tread. The heavens looked cold and bright. Nought was heard through the dark hours but the light cry of the wheel, as the man at the helm looked at the binnacle-light, and kept the vessel up to the wind.

E.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

Sagacity of the Elephant.

A few days before my arrival at Ennon, a troop of elephants came down one dark rainy night close to the village. The missionaries heard them bellowing and making extraordinary noise for a long time at the upper end of their orchard; but knowing well how dangerous it is to encounter these powerful animals in the night, they kept close within their houses till day-light. Next morning, on examining the spot where they had heard the ele-

phants, they discovered the cause of all this nocturnal uproar. There was at this spot a ditch or trench, about five feet in width, and nearly fourteen feet in depth, which the industrious missionaries had recently cut through the bank of a river, on purpose to lead out the water to irrigate some part of the garden ground, and to drive a corn mill. Into this trench, which was still unfinished and without water, one of the elephants had evidently fallen, for the marks of his feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, as well as the impress of his huge body on its sides. How he had got in was easy to conjecture, but how, being once in, he had ever contrived to get out again was the marvel. By his own unaided efforts it was obviously impossible for such an animal to have extricated himself. Could his comrades, then have assisted him? There can be no question but they had—though by what means, unless by hauling him out with their trunks, it would not be easy to conjecture. And in corroboration of this supposition on examining the spot myself, I found the edges of this trench deeply indented with numerous vestiges, as if the other elephants had stationed themselves on either side, some of them kneeling, and others on their feet, and had thus by united efforts, and probably after many failures, hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit. Similar instances of intelligence and affectionate attachment have been frequently related to me by persons of veracity, familiar with the habits of the elephant in his wild state.

The following is a specimen. On one occasion, a band of hunters had surprised two elephants, a male and female, in an open spot near the skirts of a thick and thorny jungle. The animals fled towards the thickets; and the male in spite of many balls which struck him ineffectually, was soon safe from the reach of the pursuers; but the female was so sorely wounded that she was unable to retreat with the same alacrity, and the hunters having got between her and the wood, were preparing speedily to finish her career, when all at once, the male rushed forth with the utmost fury from his hiding place, and with a shrill and frightful scream, like the sound of a trumpet, charged down upon the huntsmen. Soterrific was the animal's aspect, that all instinctively sprung to their horses, and fled for life. The elephant, disregarding the others, singled out an unfortunate man, (Cobus Kloper I think was his name,) who was the last person who had fired on its wounded comrade, and who was standing with his horse's bridle over his arm, reloading his huge gun at the moment the infuriated animal burst from the wood. Cobus also leaped hastily on horseback, but before he could seat himself in his saddle the elephant was upon him. One blow from his proboscis struck poor Cobus to the earth; and without troubling himself about the horse, which galloped off in terror, he thrust his gigantic

tusks through the man's body, and then, after stamping it flat with his ponderous feet, again seized it with his ponderous trunk, and flung it high into the air.

Having wreaked his vengeance on his foes, he walked gently up to his consort, and affectionately caressed her, supported her and wounded side with his shoulder, and, regardless of the valley of balls with which the hunters, who again rallied to the conflict, assailed them, he succeeded in conveying her from their reach into the impenetrable recesses of the forest.

One of my own friends, Lieut. John Modie, of the Scotch Fusileers, now a settler in Africa, had an almost miraculous escape on an occasion somewhat similar. He had gone out to an elephant hunt with a party of friends, and they had already succeeded in killing one or two of a small herd and the rest were retreating before them towards their woody fastnesses when one of the females, having been separated from her young one among the bushes, forgot all regard to her own safety in maternal anxiety, and turned back upon her pursuers to search for it. Mr. Modie, who happened to be on foot at the time, was the individual that the animal first caught sight of, and she instantly rushed upon him. To escape from an angry elephant in open ground is often difficult for a well mounted horseman. My friend gave himself up for lost; nor would the activity of despair avail him, the animal was close at his heels. But just as she was about to strike him to the earth with her upraised proboscis, he fortunately stumbled and fell. The elephant, unable at once to arrest her impetuous career, made an attempt to thrust him through with her tusks, as he lay on the ground before her, and actually tore up the earth within an inch or two of his body, and slightly bruised him with one of her huge feet as she passed over him. Before, however, she could turn back to destroy him, Mr. Modie contrived to scrabble into the wood, and her young one at the same instant raising its cry for her in another direction, the dangerous animal went off without searching further for him.—*Related by Mr. Pringle in the Juvenile Keepsake.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new."

Revolutionary Anecdote.

At the battle of York-town, whilst the aids of the American chief were issuing his orders along the line, a man was discovered a short distance from it, who presented rather a grotesque appearance, being dressed in the coarse common cloth worn at that time by the lower orders in the back country, with an otter cap, the shape of which very much resembled the steeple of a meeting house; and a broad leather-apron. His equipments consisted of a small woodchuck's skin sowed together in the form

of a bag and partly filled with buck-shot, an ox-horn filled with powder, an old rusty gun, which measured about seven feet eight inches, from the muzzle to the end of the breech, and which had probably been in the smoke ever since the landing of the pilgrims.—One of the aids passing him in the course of his rounds, inquired of him to what regiment he belonged. "I belong to no regiment," said the fellow, after he had fired his "long carbine." A few moments after the officer rode by again; but seeing the fellow very busy, and sweating with exertion, he once more inquired to what regiment he belonged—"to no regiment," was the answer, the speaker at the same time levelling his piece at a red coat who was preparing to fire, but who dropped dead before he had half raised his gun. "To what company do you belong?"—"to no company,"—"to what battalion do you belong?"—"to no battalion"—"then where the devil do you belong, or who are you fighting for?"—"dang ye" said the fellow, "I don't belong anywhere, *I am fighting on my own hook.*"

At one of William Penn's trials, when he had been treated harshly and ungenerously, he put some questions to the Recorder of the Law who finally answered, "I tell you to be silent; if we should suffer you to ask questions till tomorrow, you would never be the wiser." "That," replied Penn, in his quiet way, "is according as the answers are."—*Poulson's Gaz.*

A heavy Loss.—A picture dealer met S— in the street one day, and the following conversation ensued:

S. You are deplorably sad; what is the matter with you?

P. Oh, I am the unluckiest dog alive; I am almost ruined; I have lost 50/- this morning.

S. How, how man? I never knew you had so much to lose!

P. Oh, it is always my luck; always unfortunate—a heavy loss, a dead loss.

S. (Sympathetically) But how happened it?

P. Why, last week, I bought a volume of plates at a sale, for forty shillings; and as they were in the way of Lord G—'s collection, I offered them to him. He appointed to call this morning—I went—his lordship was engaged, and I sat down in the anti-room. I had resolved to put a good five pounds profit on, and was looking over the prints, that I might see where to insist on their value. It struck me that they looked better than before, and I determined to ask ten pounds for them. Well Sir, I waited and waited, till almost tired; and I said to myself, I won't waste my time so long for nothing, for any lord in Christendom: I'll ask fifteen pounds! Another half hour passed, and I got so mad, that I swore to myself I'd ask thirty, and had made up my mind to this when I was called in. His lordship was in a desperate good humor, and behaved so kindly

that when he enquired the price, I plumped it at once *fifty pounds*.

S. And so by your greediness you lost your purchaser,

P. No; he gave me a check for the money in a moment, without haggling—I might just as easily have got a hundred—but I am always unlucky.

Anecdote—A gentleman who was paying his addresses to a beautiful girl, took occasion on a morning call to purloin her miniature from the mantelpiece. On entering the room she missed it and accordingly accused her lover with the theft, who for some time ingeniously evaded the charge; “Beware,” said the young lady, “else in grasping at the shadow you will lose the substance.” This argument had the desired effect, and the repentant culprit soon obtained possession of both as a reward for acknowledging his felony.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1829.

THE PRIZES.

This number closes the present volume of the Repository. Our readers are already aware that in order to render the next, more acceptable to our friends and the public, and more worthy of the respectable and extensive patronage with which the work has hitherto been honoured, we offered Premiums, by which, though small, we humbly hoped to arouse the slumbering energies of genius, and elicit, both from the youthful aspirant after literary fame and the veteran in the walks of science, Original Tales and Poetry to enrich its columns. We are happy in stating that our expectations in this respect have not been altogether unrealized, nor our efforts, to be enabled through a variety of well written contributions to minister more fully to the gratification of our numerous patrons, without a measure of success. We have received between twenty and thirty pieces, many of them such as we think cannot fail of affording to our readers, a fund of rational amusement and pleasant moral instruction.

The premiums are awarded to the authors of the following pieces

Harry Grey, by a gentleman of Bangor, Me. whose name is not received.—The premium for the best Tale, Ten Dollars.

The Watch, by Elizabeth M. Goodwin, Worcester, Mass.—The premium for the second best Tale, a complete set of the Repository elegantly bound and gilt.

Belshazzar's Feast, by E. S. Cannon, Williamstown, Mass.—The premium for the best Poem, Three Dollars.

Christ Stilling the Waves, by a gentleman of Lanesborough, Berkshire co. Mass.—The premium for the second best Poem, a set of Sturin's Reflections bound and gilt.

We shall present the Tale and Poem, each entitled to the first Prize in their respective departments, to our readers in the first number of the next volume.

As, “they which run in a race, run all, but one receiveth the prize”—so, in a competition for literary honours or rewards, it is impossible for all to gain the proffered meed; though for our own part we feel bound to acknowledge that some of the unsuccessful candidates for our trifling premiums have fallen but little short, as to the merit of their performances, of those to whom the prizes have been awarded.

To these, and with all due respect, to the ladies in particular, we offer the only favour in our power, our thanks, for their favours.

To those, who have patronized us thus far, we would also express our gratitude and solicit a continuance of their favour and patronage, which we hope to merit by our increased exertions to render the Repository a pleasing and instructive companion.—A handsome lithographic engraving intended as a frontispiece, will accompany the first number of the ensuing volume.

The American Monthly Magazine.—The first number of this periodical made its appearance about the middle of April; we have not seen the work, but find there exists considerable diversity of opinion concerning it, among the corps editorial, by whom the merits and demerits of the several articles of which it is composed have been pretty freely discussed.

From a notice of the publication by Mrs. Ware, editor of the “Bower of Taste,” we make the following brief extract:—“The leading papers, which are presumed to proceed from the pen of the editor, are not such as one would expect to meet with, in a journal devoted to science and elegant literature. In short the whole appears to us to be made up of ‘trifles,’ ‘jumbles,’ poetic sugar plumbs, ‘frost work’ and ‘kisses,’ with a very few sandwiches of solid ‘tongue’ for those who relish not such light affairs.” “Unwritten Music,” one of the editor’s own compositions, is pronounced by one of that lady’s correspondents to be “unworthy the author’s talents.” Mr. Morris, of the “New-York Mirror,” on the contrary, speaks in terms of the most unqualified praise of the Magazine in general, and of the article of “Unwritten Music” in particular;—“This new periodical of Mr. Willis,” says the Mirror, “has at length appeared, and very creditable it is both to him and the ‘Literary Emporium’ whence it comes to us—‘Unwritten Music,’ to quote the editor’s own words, when reviewing another work, is a mass of beautiful words and musical expressions—flowers gathered indiscriminately from the author’s imagination, like a child’s lap full of roses without stems. p. 70. In reading this production, we were strongly reminded of those delightful chapters which have appeared during the last two or three years in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ under various appropriate titles, such as, ‘Cottages,’ ‘Birds,’ ‘Streams,’ ‘May-day,’ &c. and which we could never tire of reading.”—The editor of the Phil. Album, alluding to the article in question, says—“Those who are not pleased with it will remember Shakespeare’s denunciation, touching such as have no music in their souls.”—Who shall decide when *editors* disagree?—We shall endeavor at some future time, if we can find room for so lengthy a production, to give our readers an opportunity of deciding for themselves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The publication of the few communications on hand, not offered for the premiums, will be postponed for the present.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Sunday evening last, by James Barton, Esq. Mr. Daniel Brainerd, to Miss Nancy Maria Holley, both of Hudson.

At Claverack, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. William Porter to Miss Mary Miner, both of this city.

At New York, on Sunday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Patton, Mr. Henry S. Haws, of Hudson to Miss Minerva Halsey, formerly of East Hampton, Long Island.

DIED,

In this city, on the 13th inst. Charles J. Coffin, in the 19th year of his age, son of Mr. Job B. Coffin.

On Saturday, the 16th inst. Mary Pinkham, daughter of Mr. Hezekiah Pinkham, aged 16 years.

On Sunday, the 17th inst. Mary Hogeboom, aged about 19 years.

At Livingston, on the 3d inst. Morris, son of Jacob Poucher, aged about 13 years, 9 months.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
STANZAS.

A little while, alas! and all
The busy throng, that thoughtless tread,
So proudly now, this earthly ball,
Must sleep forgotten with the dead.

Maiden, bethink thee in thy prime,
While running fashion's giddy round,
How vain are things of earth and time—
How transitory ever found!"

How little is the joy that flows
From gay apparel, costly show,
To that the humble christian knows,
Whose heart rests not on things below.

If happiness then thou wouldest seek,
The crowded haunts of folly shun—
Be humble, virtuous and meek,
And thou in peace thy race shalt run. OTHO.

FROM THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

Pilgrim is thy journey drear
Are its lights extinct for ever?
Still suppress that rising tear,
God forsakes the righteous never!

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever—
Still amid the fearful scath,
God forsakes the righteous never!

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch for ever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!

FROM THE LADIES' LITERARY PORT FOLIO.
YOUTH.

How brilliant are the hopes of youth!
How swift its minutes fly!
Each accent breathes the tone of truth—
Love smiles in every eye.

How blue the skies, how fair the flowers,
How sweet the wild bird's lay;
How green and fresh the summer bowers;
The winter's hearth how gay!

A year! how very long a time,
For childhood's thoughts to scan!
But, ah! ere life had reached its prime,
How short its tiny span.

Ah! what is left to make amends
For all we lose with youth?
Its guileless hopes, its countless friends,
And dreams of changeless truth.

Its aimless rambles, wildly free,
And sports and fairy bowers?
Its unchecked thoughts and heartfelt glee,
And skies, and fields and flowers?

What do we gain by ripened thought,
And cultured intellect?
What save experience dearly bought,
Pain, falsehood or neglect?

The heart its wasted hoards may mourn,
Of love and faith and truth;
For, ah! it meets no such return,
As it could dream in youth.

The bubble dancing on the stream,
Attracts the urchin's eye;
A breath has broke it: thus the dream
Of cherished hope may fly!
Ah, youth! the joys of riper years
Are far more vain than thine!
Their hopes are chilled by adverse fears;
Their smiles through tears must shine!

A THOUGHT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

There's a glorious light at the gates of the west,
When the summer sun passeth thro' to his rest;
'Tis bright on the lake where the moon beam slept;
And the tear is pure which the dews have wept;
But there shines no light beneath the sky
Like that which beams from a mother's eye.

The harp is sweet at its dying close,
And the hum of the bee from the breast of the rose,
And the song of the bird when she rises high
From her chirping nest, through the vernal sky;
But earth has no sound so sweet to hear
As the voice of a babe to its mother's ear.

THE MEETING OF SHIPS.

BY MOORE.

When o'er the silent seas, alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
O, they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.
"Ship ahoy!" our joyful cry,
Sparkling at once in every eye,
While, answering back, the sounds we hear—
"Ship ahoy!—what cheer—what cheer?"
Then sails are backed—we nearer come—
Kind words are said of friends at home—
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

ENIGMAS.*

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Poverty.

PUZZLE II.—Sir-mounted.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Whenever, Amanda, I happen to trace
My riddle's effect by a sigh,
I fancy I see a new charm in thy face,
And read a new grace in thy eye.
Like the violet Amanda, impeared with dew,
It then still more lovely appears!
Ah! could I but take the impression from you,
In sorrow I'd spend all my years!

II.

Why is a doctor like a face which I do not wish to see?

WANTED,

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

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All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.

